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A Creepypasta



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Chapter 1 by thepinkdolphin

Night-time is strange. When the sun goes down and the world goes dark is when everyone becomes afraid. Most of the stores close, people stay indoors and go to sleep so that when they wake it will no longer be dark. But, why? Why is everyone so afraid of the night?

Even now my parents get annoyed if I walk home when it's dark, but, most people are inside at night, so what is their to be afraid of? There are less cars on the road, it's more peaceful at night. Surely it's safer?

Last night as I lay in bed with my window open, I listened to the noises outside. At first, there was nothing. Not even the quiet hum of traffic in the distance. Then, I heard an owl somewhere nearby, screeching into the night. The sound of the owls cry echoing into the darkness was somewhat sinister – but I knew it was just an owl.

Then, on the street outside my house I could hear footsteps. They had a rhythmic sound, as if the walker was trying to make a tune. However, it was as if they couldn't lift their feet off the floor because all I could hear was the sole of their shoe scraping against the concrete. Shuffling forward. I assumed it was just a drunken man who was on his way home from the pub, but when the footsteps got far away, they returned. The person making these footsteps must of walked up the street, only to pivot on one foot and shuffle back. Maybe he had gone the wrong way?

No. He continuously paced up and down on the street outside my house for at least half an hour, then it stopped.

The whole time this was happening I was in bed, I was afraid that the shuffling man would pick up a rock and throw it through my window.

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window. I was relieved when the sound had stopped. I closed my eyes and tried to get back to sleep, but about half an hour later, the shuffling returned.

He paced up and down the street again, this time slower. He eventually left.

Chapter 2 by Bailey alt



I went to sleep that night with ease once the stranger left. though that night I dreamed of strange men with hoodies, masks, and weapons that seemed very dangerous. I awoke peacefully for the first time in months. My head seemed to pound as though someone was trapped and wished to leave. I yawned as my mind raced with imagination, thinking of what the man last night, was it a dream like the hooded figures?

I chose not to pry myself too much on the subject as I went to go get ready for my weekend job. I got ready as quick as I could since I only had twenty minutes to get ready. Once I had decent clothes on and smelled nice, I grabbed a bagel before heading out. I drove to work like normal, I did my job like normal, and nothing happened like normal, I'm a little sick of sticking to the same thing over and over again. All I want is change to my life. Though I guess I can't complain I'm still alive right. I drove home, and since both my parents are on vacation at the moment I made a small dinner for one. Something told me I was in trouble; but I didn't listen, I was just too tired.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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